where have all the soldiers gone, long time passing?

revolution calling.

unlucky number thirteen.

soldiers gone? gone to graveyards, every one. when will they ever learn? when will they ever learn?

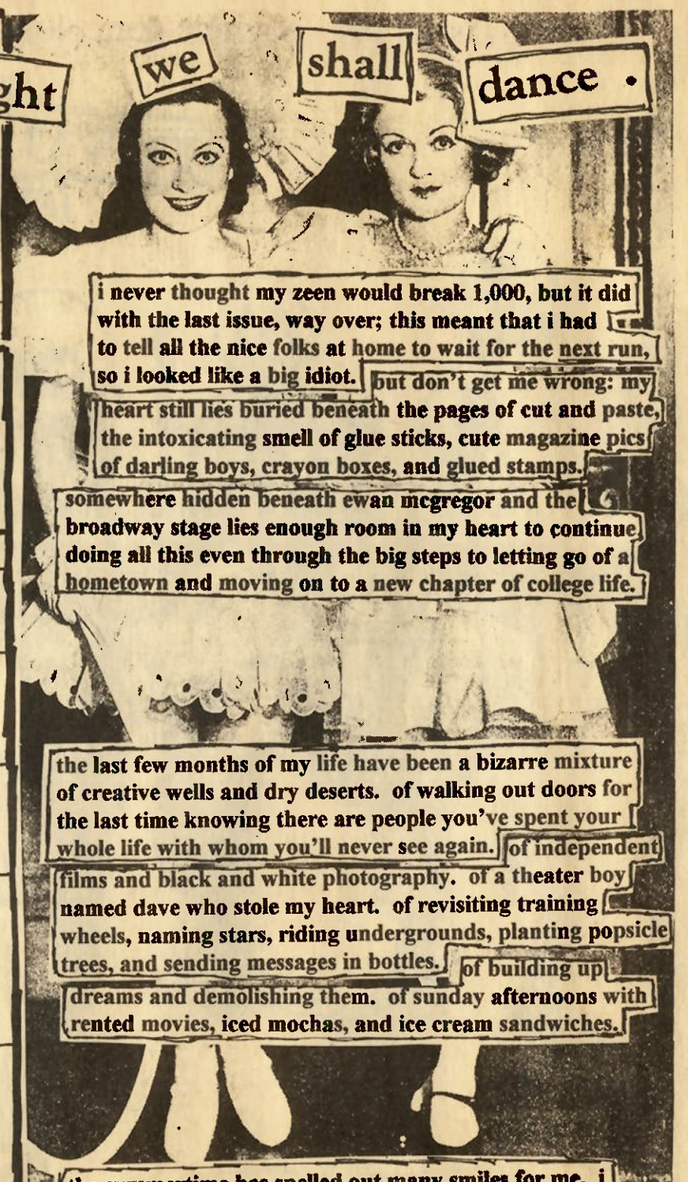
where have all the soldiers gone, long time ago? where have all the soldiers gone? gone to graveyards, every one. when will they ever learn? when will they ever learn?

...and tonight we shall dance.

this magazine gets a new audience everyday. and since the letters i write to each person get shorter and shorter, i think it's time for a re-introduction.

i am: leah.

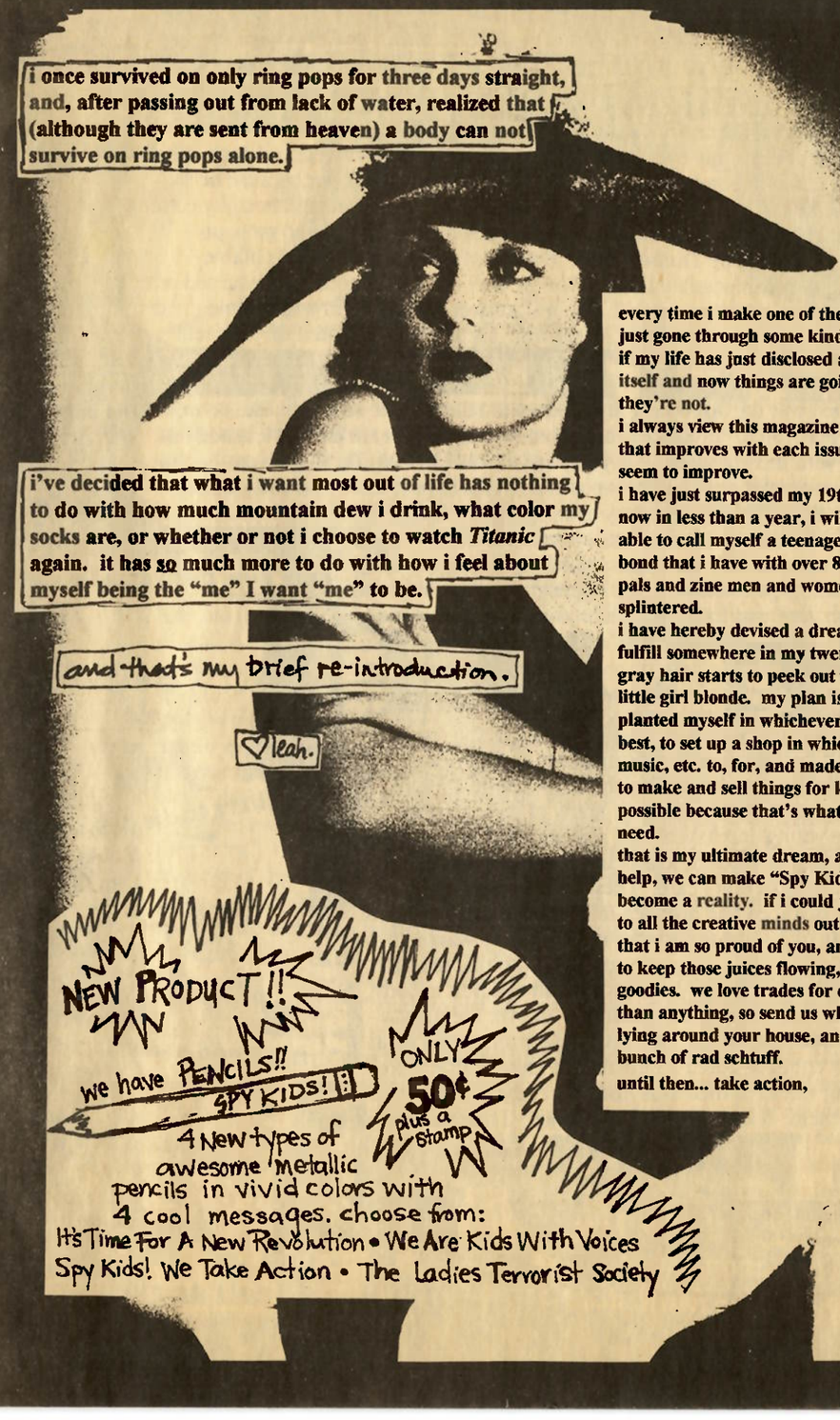
i drink coffee, breathe american, am majoring in musical theater, and am not an anarchist. i love theater boys, brush my hair at night before i go to bed, and cry when i'm stressed out. i am known for listening intently, then making a sarcastic remark to your sad, sad story. i am temperamental (unless you are perfect), a technology screw-up, afraid of turning 20, and a cancer star sign (so whether or not that makes me moody is up to you to decide). i wear combat boots, think teenagers are awesome and unique, want to live in london, hate french food, and love audrey hepburn, bobby darin, and jean moulin. but most of all, i love and am proud of everything that i do.



i never thought my zeen would break 1,000, but it did with the last issue, way over; this meant that i had to tell all the nice folks at home to wait for the next run, so i looked like a big idiot. but don't get me wrong: my heart still lies buried beneath the pages of cut and paste, the intoxicating smell of glue sticks, cute magazine pics of darling boys, crayon boxes, and glued stamps. somewhere hidden beneath ewan mcgregor and the broadway stage lies enough room in my heart to continue doing all this even through the big steps to letting go of a hometown and moving on to a new chapter of college life.

the last few months of my life have been a bizarre mixture of creative wells and dry deserts. of walking out doors for the last time knowing there are people you've spent your whole life with whom you'll never see again. of independent films and black and white photography. of a theater boy named dave who stole my heart. of revisiting training wheels, naming stars, riding undergrounds, planting popsicle trees, and sending messages in bottles. of building up dreams and demolishing them. of sunday afternoons with rented movies, iced mochas, and ice cream sandwiches.

the summertime has spelled out many smiles for me. i don't smile enough, so it's welcome relief. i'm changing constantly, blinking less often to keep from missing things, awing at the sheer beauty of life, and i've finally stopped chewing my fingernails.



i once survived on only ring pops for three days straight, and, after passing out from lack of water, realized that (although they are sent from heaven) a body can not survive on ring pops alone.

i've decided that what i want most out of life has nothing to do with how much mountain dew i drink, what color my socks are, or whether or not i choose to watch *Titanic* again. it has so much more to do with how i feel about myself being the "me" I want "me" to be.

and that's my brief re-introduction.

♡leah.

every time i make one of these, i feel as if i've just gone through some kind of revelation. as if my life has just disclosed another chapter of itself and now things are going to change. but they're not.

i always view this magazine as a part of me that improves with each issue. but i never seem to improve.

i have just surpassed my 19th birthday, and now in less than a year, i will no longer be able to call myself a teenager, and a part of a bond that i have with over 80% of my pen pals and zine men and women will be splintered.

i have hereby devised a dream which i hope to fulfill somewhere in my twenties before my gray hair starts to peek out from under my little girl blonde. my plan is, whenever i have planted myself in whichever big city i like the best, to set up a shop in which to sell zeens, music, etc. to, for, and made by teens. I want to make and sell things for kids as cheaply as possible because that's what we spy kids need.

that is my ultimate dream, and with your help, we can make "Spy Kids: The Store" become a reality. if i could just say one thing to all the creative minds out there, it would be that i am so proud of you, and i want you all to keep those juices flowing, and send us your goodies. we love trades for crazy things more than anything, so send us whatever you have lying around your house, and we'll send you a bunch of rad schtuff.

until then... take action, .leah.

NEW PRODUCT!!

we have PENCILS!! - SPY KIDS!

ONLY 50¢ plus a stamp

4 New types of awesome metallic pencils in vivid colors with 4 cool messages. choose from:

It's Time For A New Revolution • We Are Kids With Voices

Spy Kids! We Take Action • The Ladies Terrorist Society

mommy, where is all this hatred coming from?

by leah angstman

I can't believe my eyes these days. It seems like everywhere you look, a kid is bringing a gun or a bomb to school to kill some innocent teenager because he's a little bit different. I don't understand it...where is all this hatred and hostility coming from? Are these gun-toting trigger-happies really the same kids who grew up watching *Jem* and *The Transformers*? I've heard and watched people blame everything they can possibly think of for the way our kids of today have turned out, but who ever blames themselves? The real answer doesn't lie in which violent video games your child plays or which *Rambo* movies he's been exposed to. The real answer lies in the beginning.

When was the last time you sat down to read a book with your kid, or went outside to play catch? In today's fast-paced world, parents are finding less and less time to be with their families. They have planes to catch, coffee to grab on the run, a forty-page computer design due by noon, and bills to pay; there's no time to make ends meet. So while they are away to work, their children are on their way to that so-called "depression" that is plaguing America's kids. These kids are watching the endless publicity one receives when he takes a gun to school and opens fire on his classmates. There mom, that was for all the times you never tucked me in at night.

But while this should be a wake-up call to the rest of the world, it's becoming so commonplace that America is turning off the news and watching the latest *Seinfeld* reruns. The saddest part of all this is that so many of those parents out there are young and haven't the slightest idea how to raise kids. My mother works in a school in a small town where no one cares. They just don't care. They've been raised with low self-esteems, divorced and drunken families, attitude problems, and the desire to just get the attention that they've wanted from people their whole lives. What better way to do that than to shock the nation with bloody photos of dead children in body bags, and your remorseless face plastered all over the nightly news? It's a sick disease this nation is dying from, and a great majority of it could be cured if parents just spent a little more time teaching values to their kids instead of beating them and swearing at them. Violence teaches violence. These are very scary times.

how many children

have to die before

the world understands?

leah angstman.

Boycott Nestle`

by Joseph Harrison

Ethical consumerism is usually entailed by veganism or some sort of concern for the welfare of the planet and all life upon it. In the case of boycotting the Nestle` company, however, one does not have to be vegan or care passionately about the environment. What Nestle` is responsible for is enough to disgust even the most uneducated and uninformed. It seems to make sense that anyone with a soul should openly condemn Nestle` and all its methods and products which it aggressively promotes in the developing world. This is because Nestle` is responsible for the deaths of 4,000 babies a day and 1.5 million infant deaths a year, caused by unsafe bottle feeding. Recently, UNICEF and the World Health Organization condemned Nestle`. If this isn't enough to make you boycott Nestle`, then read on.

The details of Nestle`'s violations of the World Health Assembly's 1981 International Code of Marketing of Breastmilk Substitutes span into many documents. A general synopsis of its violations, however, will be highlighted. Although such a code has been established, like with most laws it has been difficult to monitor throughout the world. In the detrimental wake of Free Trade and deregulation, no action has been taken to implement the International Code since a voluntary ban on advertising collapsed when Nestle` entered the market in the late 1980's. Misleading (albeit hypocritical) slogans and unsolicited "free" samples are sent to pregnant women before they are due to give birth. In the developing world, such as the Philippines, Nestle` aggressively promotes its powdered milk. It even calls its sales representatives as nurses or so-called "Health Educators." In the West, people argue that bottle milk is safe. But what about in the vast majority of the world where supplies of water are unsafe? Unclean water means that a bottle-fed baby is up to 25 times more likely to die from diarrhea or dysentery. Not to mention the fact that a farmer in the third world will be unable to afford a bottle or tin of powdered milk. Nestle` puts profits before health.

Recently in Britain, the Advertising Standards Authority warned Nestle` not to repeat its claims that it "marketed infant formula ethically and responsibly," as it blatantly never had and continues not to do so. This is why it makes sense to simply boycott Nestle`. Its other products include: Nescafe`, cosmetics such as L'Oreal, Lancome and Claudel, drinks such as Perrier, Buxton (UK), and pet foods such as Friskies. The list of products is large. The list provided may only be relevant to British products but always remember to read the labels. As you can see, the highest authorities have condemned Nestle` and its marketing practices. Don't you think you should, too?

This has only skimmed the surface of such unethical policies. Write (and send help) for more information to: Baby Milk Action / 23 St. Andrews Street / Cambridge CB2 3AX / UK or babymilkacti@gn.apc.org or http://www.gn.apc.org/babymilk

World Health Organization / 1211 Geneva 27 / Switzerland or http://www.who.org

Guidelines, Submission & Ordering Information

We accept anything in Revolution Calling, except porn... butts, boobs, and other undesirables of that nature are to be kept at home. No art on lined paper will be accepted, either. Other than that, we are uncensored and love your opinions and love to hear what you have to say. We especially need columns, interviews, scene reports, opinions, etc. I do not mind typing your story, in fact I'd be happy to type your story, but you have to send it in. It doesn't do any good to anyone sitting at home on your desk.

Also, in each issue we will have one page of reviews and one page only of the things we feel that everyone should get. This section is called "Raves" and won't contain any negative reviews. So if you think you are worthy of our appraisal, (and we think you all are!!) then send us your stuff (we love everything, especially weird stuff) and we will review what we like best. It's only our opinion, but everyone's opinion counts.

All advertisements are $10.00 flat rate and have to be half page size or smaller, or we do ad trades -- you advertise for us, we'll advertise for you -- notify me ahead of time if you want an ad trade.

We want to send you all the back issues of Revolution Calling #12 that you can handle -- for FREE!! -- to distribute, give to friends, throw off rooftops, or use as hamster bedding. We want to get the word spread around, so tell us how many you want, and they are on their way!!

We no longer have a distribution company of other people's goods. We are getting too many of our own. We thank all those people who send us their stuff, and we want you to know that we do find happy homes for all of it, but we are not making a distribution catalog for other people's schiesse. That's German for shit. When we open up the city store that we hope to someday open, we will do tons of distro deals... until then... we hate your stuff so keep it at home. Just kidding.

And I absolutely can not cash checks that are made out to anything other than Leah Angstman!! I do not have an account under Spy Kids or RC or Propaganda Press or any of the like, therefore, I can not cash checks that are made out to any of the aforementioned.

So please don't send them to me because I will send them back.

I have a new address, most of you know it -- PO Box 304 Mason MI 48854 -- but for those of you who don't -- stop sending things to my parents' house. And please please read the shout-out page. It is by far the most important. Together for the written revolution,

.leah.

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i tell myself,
as does that feminist society,
that i should never be ashamed
of being a girl.
and yet, here i am
in a tinkerbell pink-collared shirt,
writing about life
to keep from being afraid of the dark,
which is a stupid
girl quality
that i try to live down by sleeping and talking
to a lousy pink
stuffed bunny named marshmallow,
also referred to as narshnallow
because i couldn't say my m's when i was little.
this is yet to be replaced
as my only friend
since leaving high school,
and she protects me through
the frequent thunderstorms
as i wrap myself up
in my rainbow brite
sheets
and turn on my cinderella night light.
and i think...
when is the
point when i should be
ashamed of being a girl?
and i smile back at
myself in the mirror
and jot down the answer:
never.

dear government, you've gone too far this time... sincerely, america

By Stephanie Nelson

Heron Boyce is a political prisoner of the public school system and an unjust and often cruel prison system. He stands convicted of no crime, yet is imprisoned.

This is a brief history to date.

Until April 23rd of this year, Heron Boyce was a student of Washington High School in Princess Anne, Maryland. While attending Washington High, he endured unending harassment from faculty and students for being different than the expected norm. He is highly intelligent (an honor student), an athlete (a member of the track team), and nonviolent.

The principal of WHS, Mr. Ron Harder, has made Heron the target of a long-running witch hunt. Harder suspended Heron repeatedly for non-existing infractions for two years.

In the fall of 1997, Harder suspended Heron for a week attesting that Heron was a "witch" and gave him a folder containing propaganda that was anti-Wicca and other pagan religions. During late May/early June 1998, Harder expelled Heron unjustly, and with NO written documentation as to why. The first verbal reason given was that certain students came forward claiming that Heron had a bomb. No students' names were ever given, nor were any actual statements produced as evidence. Another petty excuse was later given, yet no official cause was established. Heron was told by the administration that he would not be allowed to return until he saw a psychiatrist. Heron proceeded to file a complaint with the American Civil Liberties Union, who gave him a written reply saying to do his best during his senior year in high school and stay out of trouble, because though they have had numerous complaints in the past against WHS, they could do nothing in this circumstance.

After negotiation between the school and Heron's father, M. George Boyce, Heron was allowed to return to school during the fall of 1998. Harassment against him did not cease.

On Thursday, April 22nd of this year, I spoke with Heron, and he told me the events that had transpired that day at school. He had worn make-up to school (red lipstick and blue eye shadow), and after a mostly quiet day, a teacher at the vocational school shouted at him that he didn't "belong at school."

Upon Heron's return to the main school building, he was told by multiple sources that the administration/Mr. Harder had been asking students if Heron would put a bomb in the school, (effectively raining hysteria in the area to critical mass). A rumor amongst the staff was that Heron "would not graduate, no matter the cost."

On April 23rd, Heron was arrested and his home searched twice on suspicion of a bomb. Ron Harder himself had called the authorities, recreating, in sick parody, the same attack he waged against Heron nearly a year before. Only this time, a scapegoat was demanded, and Heron is it.

Heron currently resides at Somerset County Detention Center, where his treatment has been less than fair and just. Heron was afforded nothing but a paper gown to wear for the first four to seven days. No blankets, no underwear. This action was governed by the unwarranted suicide watch Heron was placed under. In addition to state police strong-arming Heron into signing papers for additional charges without allowing him legal council, guards at the detention center ignore Heron's pleas and requests, and taunt him. One guard in particular traced a swastika on Heron's forehead and compared him to Charles Manson, another told him that he urinated in Heron's drinking water, others with catcalls of "Unabomber," etc.

As to the drinking water situation, Heron's solitary cell, in addition to at least all of cell block B, has no running water in the cells and has been this way for at least a week. Inmates complain of maggots and sewage backing up into the sinks. (Somerset County Detention Center's latest legal trouble has been the investigation of an inmate due, at least in part, from neglect on the part of the jail.)

Heron's lawyers have done little except beat avidly around the bush. Kirk Simkins, the first lawyer contacted and subsequently hired, has done next to nothing, including not filing certain and necessary documents related to Heron's legal proceedings. Heron's bond has been raised from $100,000 to an unrealistic $1,000,000. The judge presiding over the hearing went on television after the proceeding and boasted over what he had done. "Not this time, not in this county."

A second lawyer, Mr. J. Anthenelli, was consulted and retained to the case for approximately one week. He spoke once with Heron, giving no notice that he was about to drop the case. After Heron's father tried repeatedly to contact Mr. Anthenelli, he was finally told, less than 10 days prior to the next hearing, that Anthenelli no longer wished to represent Heron.

Five days before the date of the next scheduled hearing, Mr. Lee Clark took Heron's case. He offers little legal advice and tells Heron that he should "get a crew cut," seemingly unconcerned that his client is an innocent boy who has been incarcerated for over a month. Simkins and Lee are doing nothing to get Heron out of jail. They prefer to wait another three to six months until the case goes to trial. It is known in the Somerset County Court House that Heron's fate is predetermined; they wish for him to stay in jail.

I am not a lawyer, I am a concerned friend. Heron is innocent, but no one is listening. As long as things are kept quiet and the case stays in such a backward, small townish area as Somerset County, Heron will be punished for a crime he did not commit. As it is, Heron will not achieve his long-term goal of attending graduation ceremonies and walking across the stage with his fellow classmates to receive a diploma he has worked so hard for.

I, on Heron's behalf, am asking for ANY and all assistance you can provide. Feel free to contact me (address in back of issue). Thank you for your time.

The Following Is A Statement By Heron Boyce In His Own Words:

(It has been typed for clarity. A copy of the original handwritten text is available upon request.)
First Account. Dated 5-13-99. All information is correct to my knowing.

I wish to review the different difficulties, and to my feelings, mistreatments I have endured over my stay in jail. I feel as though all information is reflective of my present state, and all I have gone through for what is simply supposed to be myself being held until my trial.

I was first incarcerated on the 23rd of April. I spent the evening and partial next morning on a suicide watch in a paper gown after I was stripped of my clothes and all my possessions, then fully searched. During my time in that cell, I heard a guard comment to another guard, "I wish that he would have blown up that school so we wouldn't have so many..." (The rest was muffled.) I was questioned in the morning, officials needing the information of my life and background. I was photographed and found out that my shirt had been confiscated for evidence by the state police. I then spent three days more in solitary confinement. I had not eaten the day of my arrest, nor the day after for I was terribly shaken by my arrest, and I literally was stunned into a non-responsive state over most things. Faltering on questions, I attempted to act as though I had no difficulty. No one noticed [my] avoidance of eating and having gained some retrospective clarity, I have eaten normally from the third day on.

During that time, the officers and certain inmates have been referring to me as the "Unabomber," to my confused dismay. On the fourth day of my incarceration, I was given a new paper gown by the nurse. I was asked by her, (another nurse and two psychiatric counselors that week), if I had any suicidal thoughts, if I were going to harm myself, if I would harm others, etc... of course my response was to the negative to all questions of that nature, but it was like a checklist was being gone down, in fact literally so in some circumstances. My personal worries and concerns of severe fright and non-comprehension of my circumstances were not addressed and only on their own unfounded worries were met with time spent questioning. It was far more disheartening and depressing that I was even asked repetitively by many people if I wanted to die. In the following days I was allowed an orange jumpsuit, well oversized, but it was clothing. I read my book, loaned by the jail, and thought of my release. I went to get a drink of water one day, and the fountain, which was a trickle of water in the sink, was running brown. I decided I would forgo any water drinking for the day, (as that was my only source), and I longed for a shower, a cleansing I was denied those first days in a gown. I was brought to a cell block where the water was working, but no sooner had I soaped my hair than the water cut off. I assumed it was broken, so I found an officer and told her. She said that it had been turned off in the entire building and to go back to my cell. The next day I spent my entire day in my usual cell, being allowed a phone call, but in the evening after exercising in my cell, I asked for water. I

pounded on the window and door of my cell, as instructed if I should need something. After 15 minutes of knocking, I gave up as the officer in the clear-windowed office next door watched television loudly and spoke with his associates. The next day, I was given water upon gaining their attention. I have had many oversights by the prison guards. Only after 12 days of being here was I given an inmate handbook. By that time, my window for changing my visitors list was gone. Only the first through the seventh of the month could my list be updated. I had placed several of my friends' names down, but most were under 18 and still in school. Apparently not allowed in without their mothers, which I could not place on the list now. I was only verbally told I could only have my laundry Thursdays on a Friday after a week of the same three pairs of underwear and four pairs of socks. Yes, two weeks in the same garments in solitary confinement, which I sit in even today. I have been yelled at by many inmates harassing me about the accusations. "Boom! He's laying bombs in our cells. He's near the end of his fuse! Look, the Unabomber!" were some such jeers. More seriously, "I have kids in that school. A man could take offense to someone threatening his relations." Of course, this frightens me, and keep in mind I have been convicted of no wrong, and truthfully have done nothing but exist as a happy teenager finishing high school. There has been more harm done by the publicity of the false accusations than by anything I could have said, mind you. And I have said nothing! Now I try to sleep, intense back pain from a worn mat on an iron frame tormented by a fluorescent light on night and day. Please help me!

Second Account. Dated 5-17-99.

Other occurrences have been: the warden mixing up my visitors, allowing three acquaintances in the visitors' room who weren't on my list, because the warden was harassing a friend who was on the list because he was 17. The other time I had been forced to spend time with gentlemen whom I had not anticipated, which disallowed me the time to meet with my father that day, and, subsequently, for a week. At another time, I found I could order necessary goods from the jail's commissary. I finally received a slip and handed it in Tuesday night of that week, as required. The late night officers came in while I slept, woke me and went over my list for clarity. Then they left, and I expected no problems. At the end of the week, I had no items given to me. I asked an officer. He said, "Either it was thrown away by some smart-ass or no one handed it in." Then, several days later, I asked the warden and he stated, "I must have not seen it to approve it until it was too late." No stamps, envelopes, soap, or other essentials that week. Then yesterday, May 16th, I asked a guard for water, and he said, "It's Sunday, you don't get any water." Then on the way back to his office I stopped him again, and he retrieved some water and he said, "I pissed in it." I assumed he was kidding on both accounts, but he never said so. This afternoon a guard had harassed me by stopping me, tracing a swastika on my forehead, and saying, "There, now you look like Charlie Manson. You know who that is, don't you?" I said, "Yes, but I don't know why I look like him." It only struck me moments later what he had traced. My most offensive and scary harassment was on the 3rd or 5th of May. The day isn't important, but I was called to the processing room up front. There I was told, "The state police wish to speak with you." Now I began shaking automatically as the officer placed leg irons on me. I walked in mini-step to their office, where my arresting officer, Mr. McQueeney, showed me a grouping of papers, and stated they were additional charges which would be added to my other papers already filed. I sat there in a surprised stupor as he said I had been untruthful to him and he found more evidence. He asked me to sign the charges. Now crying, I told him I didn't understand and all I wanted to do was go home. I stated, "I mean no offense, but I had done nothing wrong, and I would like to see a lawyer before signing any other papers." He told me in an aggravated tone that he understood that I was upset and wanted to see a lawyer, but I was just to sign the papers. He told me that he was cutting me a deal, and he could make the charges much worse if I did not sign. I bellowed again that I just didn't understand. He asked, "Do you have any questions?" I was very obviously upset and couldn't see for the tears in my eyes. He sternly said, "Take a deep breath or you will hyperventilate." Which was true, I was, and I said no to the question, for what could I ask such a tyrant? He handed me the pen again and asked me to sign four or five times, and initial three or so comments. Then he stated the officers had been "sloppy" while going through my things, and they left items out of place. He stated my poems and songs he read were "disturbing" and that "they were frightening." He made other personal comments, especially about a song I had written my freshman year, "The Man," which had nothing to do with bombs, and he finally stated that if I got to see a mental counselor, I should -- "they could help you."

Please contact the following to protest Heron's unfair treatment:

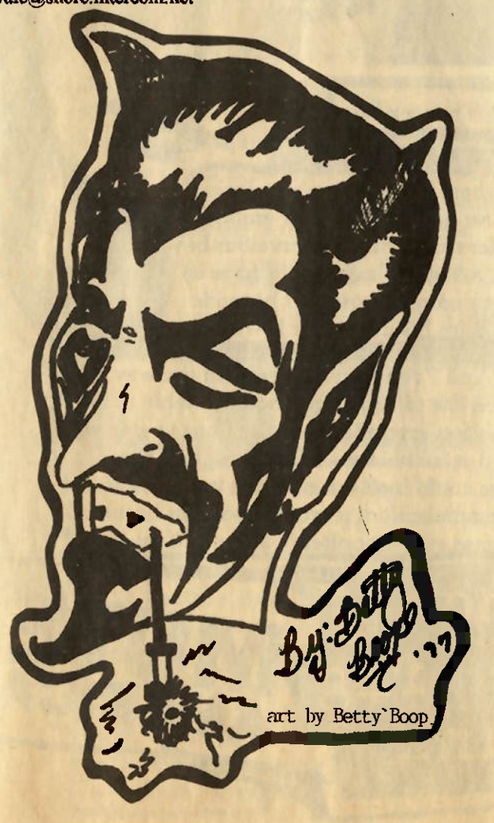
*Judge Long
PO Box 279
Princess Anne, MD 21853

*Somerset County Detention Center
30474 Revells Neck Rd
Westover, MD 21871
(410) 651-9223

*Principal Ron Harder
c/o Washington High School
10902 Old Princess Anne Rd.
Princess Anne, MD 21853

*Somerset County Board Of Education
30411 Mt Vernon Rd
Princess Anne, MD 21853
(410) 651-1616

Mr. William Lee Clark (Heron's lawyer)
walc@shore.intercom.net



STUFF is a magazine/catalog that features small publishers of comics, zines and books.

Each issue features fine publications from comics to magazines to books on all sorts of subjects from mainstream to sub-culture. Published bi-monthly and open to any publishers that may need some further distribution and exposure.

Write for information or a sample issue to 5879 Darlington Rd. Pittsburgh, PA 15217 ATTN: Paul Houston

judge nothing

"EVERYBODY IS GOING TO TELL YOU YOU'RE WRONG."

4-wheel vibe

Chapter One: Leah Falls In Love With A Theater Boy

To me, nothing is as great as the theater. No where else can you step inside other characters, drudge around in their shoes for awhile, feel their emotions, then step out and back into your own life. I met this perfectly marvelous boy (excuse the Cabaret reference) who, (of course, as a girl's luck would have it) doesn't know I exist; but I watched him with his pointed nose and his wide giddy smile, and I admire with caution at how calm his demeanor is while his character is so bouncy and hysterical.

And I've fallen in love with the way he moves carelessly back and forth between the two. I stare uncontrollably at his hands impatiently telling stories and his feet grounded into the floor to give way to a towering posture of grandeur. And secretly in my heart I call him the "Theater's Theater" because if the stage could look out over the top of itself and pick any man or woman to watch with admiration, it would pick this beautiful boy. And I watch him move with intense eyes that often wonder... if he ever watches me, too.

KILL ROCK STARS

Who's punking

MUTE AMERICA

...and miles to go before i sleep...

i'm beginning to let go. the pasty walls of the brick clad home away from home are kissing me buh-bye as i begin my ascension into what my father refers to as **"the real world."**

it seems as if every child's dream was to walk through the big doors, own his own office building, drive a black mercedes to an industrious high-paying career, and eat dinner in candlelit rich-people restaurants while listening to mozart.

and now **i'm here**, and **yet it seems so distant.**

although the only office building i own is my bedroom, my mercedes is really a beat-up fifteen year-old oldsmobile regency ninety-eight, my industrious high-paying career is nil next to the ever-present handout, and dinner will still have to settle for mcdonalds drive thru while listening to bikini kill -- i still feel as if i have arrived somewhere. some destination place. someplace taking me someplace else. **an avenue.** although long and dark and uncertain, an avenue nonetheless.

and here i am ready to walk it.

rarin' to go.

and in desperate need of some new shoes.

Answers To Revolution Calling #12's *Name That Song* Contest: 1. *One Hand In My Pocket* by Alanis Morissette; 2. *Good Riddance (Time Of Your Life)* by Green Day; 3. *Hey Jealousy* by Gin Blossoms; 4. *Car Song* by Elastica; 5. *Talk To Me Now* by Ani DiFranco; 6. *Strawberry Julius* by Bikini Kill; 7. *I'm Sensitive* by Jewel; 8. *Satellite* by Dave Matthews Band; 9. *Someone To Die For* by Belly; 10. *Pretty Good Year* by Tori Amos **Answers To Revolution Calling #12's *Knowledge Busters* Contest:** *Geography*: 1. b; 2. b; 3. c; 4. a; 5. Africa; *Science*: 6. c; 7. a; 8. d; 9. e; 10. a; *History*: 11. Levittown; 12. Topeka, Kansas; 13. Rosa Parks; 14. Francis Gary Powers; 15. Sputnik; *Math*: 16. c; 17. b; 18. c; *Brain Teasers*: 19. buckle up; 20. in between jobs; 21. three little pigs; 22. division of labor; 23. bathtub ring; 24. Ohio -- Thanks to all who participated in these contests. Every correct answer got a cool prize. RC#12 contests are now officially over.

humanitarian intervention.

By Mike McKee.

It's the summer of 1999, and by now school shootings and black trenchcoats are no longer real issues but rather the burlap sack drawn over the heads of America's young people. Time for dehumanization, time to be cast as a monster: twelve-year olds crowding county jails from suburban Philadelphia to California as suspects in the next, upcoming school shoot-out. Here's a questionnaire circulating in the good amount of elementary and high schools these days: "Do you know anyone who may be feeling like an outcast? Have you heard, or do you think you have heard, this person make threatening remarks toward other students or a faculty member?"

Round up every misfit and send a strong message that we're not going to let them pull anything like that in OUR schools. Because the Glee Club thinks we have a good shot at beating the shit out of Upper Darby this year, all our jocks are scholarly and drug-free, and none of our cheerleaders are pregnant. So don't you monsters pull any of your punk rock, gothic, hip-hop, skateboarding, same-sex loving, book-reading, tree-hugging, no-meat eating, black-clothes-wearing bullshit here.

In Chicago, the round-ups continue while police still have the authority to arrest any suspected gang member, based on the officer's own private intuition. Fuck probable cause: we've got nervous voters and a surplus of "threatening looking" kids. McCarthy would be proud. We have committed to put this to an end and wipe out violence, resolving once and for all to teach our youth the value and sanctity of life and tranquillity. **We Will Have Peace, Law, and Order On Our Streets!**

Meanwhile, the streets of former Yugoslavia have been reduced to gutters flowing with blood flanking bombed out store fronts. In the name of "humanitarian intervention" our country and NATO have inflamed a foreign conflict displacing whole populations and turning a nation into a cemetery.

To preserve and ensure the political and economic strength of the new European community? Bullshit. The EU doesn't need--and has shown that it doesn't care about--an unstable Eastern European nation-state about the size of Idaho with a dragging economy. And as a market for EU and Western industries? Any quadruple amputee bombing victim will tell you, he was a happier K-Mart shopper before he had his shopping arms blown out of their sockets by a humanitarian smart bomb. As a general rule, bombing campaigns do little to assist economies already crippled by brutal sanctions.

So, if it's not about ensuring the "stable" Europe Mr. Clinton has such a hard-on for, then it's about Containment. Of what!? Eastern European Communism is dead. The Soviet Union's superpower status is a corpse--although, after months of bombing from NATO, its ghost probably looks a lot like Casper to the people of the Balkans. And even if this were to ensure the safety of democracy in Eastern Europe...then why initiate an air-campaign? (An air-campaign is a form of warfare involving dropping large, powerfully explosive devices from the sky thus destroying both civilian and military life and property at once with little accuracy and even less efficiency.) Elections in opposition cities like Nis in recent years have routinely ended in pro-democratic votes. Zoran Zivkovic, the mayor of the city of Nis, has said, "The people who live here are the same people who voted for democracy in 1996, the same people who protested for a hundred days after the authorities tried to deny them their victory in the elections. They voted for the same democracy that exists in Europe and the US. "Today my city was bombed by the democratic states of the USA, Britain, France, Germany, and Canada! Is there any sense in this?" Despite Clinton's flowery assurances that "we have no qualms with the people of Serbia," the majority of Serbs found it difficult to accept that NATO's actions were strictly aimed at their country's leaders, and were mobilized in support of Milosovic's regime. Also, officials from B92, a left-of-relative center anti-war radio station in Belgrade, have noted the tragic set-backs in freedom the Yugoslav media has suffered since the onset of the NATO campaign. As a mission of Communist containment, and as a defense of democracy, this action has failed.

So then, lastly, we are pushed to buy this as a "humanitarian intervention," a war to prevent genocidal catastrophe and human rights violations. Noble intentions from America: the only non-signer of the world's most promising anti-Land mine treaty to date. NATO's bombings are not furthering a humanitarian cause. In fact, the bombings have done nothing but exacerbate the troublesome conditions in the Balkans. Bombing campaigns have never been successful in this type of situation (see Vietnam, Iraq, etc.) because they are not what "gets the job done." That crucial ingredient is time-tested and has no substitute. It is sons and brothers and fathers and friends and sisters and mothers and daughters with bullets or shrapnel ripped through their organs that win wars. Not a sterile video-game test-run for the latest stealth airplane.

War is not an air-campaign with unforeseen civilian casualties. It is the process by which living people with no real hatred for each other kill each other so that they can win an unobtainable, intangible goal of little consolation to those who paid for its retrieval. President Clinton and those at NATO knew this long before the first bomb dropped. Wide-scale demolition of a country is not charity, but rather a completely unavoidable atrocity spun from a bunch of hypocrites who would like to be remembered for bringing, or forcing, those savage bitter Balkans into the European community and their own sense of world order. The lives lost, the foreign relations butchered, and the money wasted in this "humanitarian intervention" did nothing to help anyone in Kosovo or anywhere else. Its only product has been death and destruction and misery.

And they want to label *you* a monster? Because you are young and full of life? Because you are angry at the "way it has to be?" Because you are fed up with the fucked up legacy you've inherited from *their* countless Kosovos of the past and present? Fuck that. Fuck them. Live.

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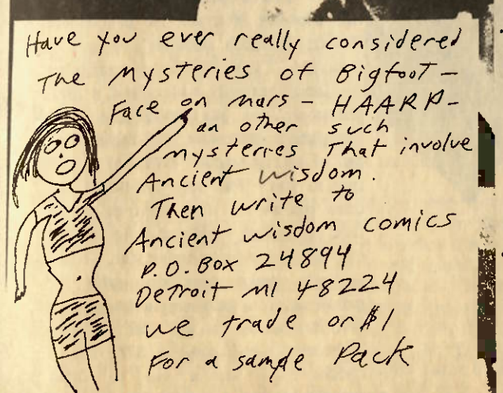

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NEW! **Influence of Atmosphere/Kid City split 7".** ioa serves up garagy, smart rock with a noisy, poppy edge and girl/boy vocals. Kid City gives us indie rock with nostalgic songs about Luke Skywalker and heroes who move to California. Comes with a booklet by the bands. $4

Hyperbolic 7" It's been called emo, it's been compared to jawbreaker, but whatever you call it, it is just plain good! Smart, innovative, catchy, punky. Will stick in your head and in your heart. $4

Basement Core vol. 1 tape.- celebrating music created in basements, a live set from Influence of Atmosphere, Kid City and pop geniuses Liggie Wog. A good sampling of bands and a gem of a tape! $3

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Upcoming: A superduper teen band compilation tape, featuring ioa, Jolie N., Kid City, The Highbeams, and more! A tape and storybook by Liggie Wog, a new solo tape from Eleanor W. We are looking for arts and crafts to distro. If you make something please get in touch! We have lots of zines and t-shirts available too! Send a stamp for a catalog. All prices postpaid.

Eleanor Whitney, 532 Elmwood rd., Pownal, ME 04069 USA

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Science:

1. What air pollutant oxidizes rubber and makes it crack?
   a. ozone; b. carbon monoxide; c. sulfur dioxide; d. particulates
2. A short term blast of a loud sound at this decibel (dB) level will cause traumatic hearing loss and inner ear damage: a. 60 dB; b. 100 dB; c. 120 dB; d. 140 dB
3. What type of farm activity can increase particulate air pollution?
   a. odor from animal feedlots; b. dust from fields caused by wind erosion; c. pesticide aerosol from crop spraying; d. methane production from animal waste piles
4. Of these categories of air pollutants, which causes a symptomatic reaction within hours or days? a. chronic; b. acute; c. carcinogenic; d. mutagenic
5. Which pollutant reduces the rate of growth of plants?
   a. ozone; b. carbon monoxide; c. sulfur dioxide; d. nitrogen dioxide

History:

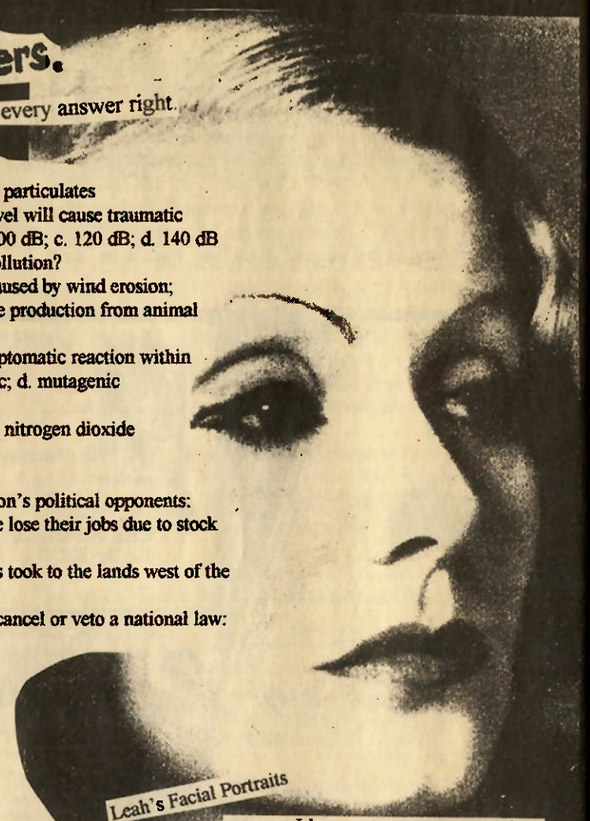
6. The name of the political party formed by Andrew Jackson's political opponents:
7. A period in which business slows down and many people lose their jobs due to stock market downfalls and bank trouble:
8. The name given to the journey that the Cherokee Indians took to the lands west of the Mississippi River:
9. The belief, started in the Jackson Era, that a state could cancel or veto a national law:
10. The Indian who created the first Cherokee alphabet:

Geography:

11. The toga describes a man's robe that was popular in
    a. Ancient Rome; b. Ancient Greece; c. China
12. The fandango is a popular dance in
    a. Mexico; b. Switzerland; c. Egypt; d. Spain
13. Crepe suzette is a food that is well known in
    a. Germany, b. China, c. France; d. Mexico
14. The sarong is a shirt that is native to which of these countries?
    a. Indonesia; b. Mexico; c. Canada; d. United States
15. The Orkney Islands lie just off the northern coast of
    a. Ireland; b. Scotland; c. Greenland; d. New Zealand

Brain Teasers:

16. yoursmokegetseyes
17. OLDER
18. *post*
19. my cu p
20. cof fee
21. a y c p o m n
22. fi$$st
23. come your hands
24. Freu ian



Leah's Facial Portraits

I have spent many years of my life drawing portraits of people for birthday presents, contests, and special occasions. I have won many awards for my facial portraits and earned a little gas money, too. With an art teacher for a mother, I was raised with the joy and gift of art, and now I'd like to extend that to you. For only $15.00, I will draw you an 11" x 14" portrait of any face you desire, whether it be a loved one or your favorite movie star. These portraits make wonderful gifts for people or are a great way to enjoy your favorite person on the wall of your bedroom. Just send $15.00 (make checks and m.o.'s out to Leah Angstman) and a picture (any size, as good of quality as possible), and I will send you your portrait, all matted and ready to be framed. I'm proud of my artwork, and I guarantee you'll love it!

Complaints, Jots, And Quickies

Leah's Place To Ramble...

KILL ME FOR CHOOSING THEATER, IF IT DOESN'T KILL ME FIRST — I love the stage. There is nothing more magical than making real people feel real emotions from a performance that you are giving. But this is no easy task. Theater is the hardest, most demanding, blood thirsty escapade I have ever been involved in. You can't believe the physicality of taking on the role of another character in another place in time in another body form. Theater is incredible and does miraculous things to your mind and spirit, but it also hurts, both physically and mentally. After an unpleasant journey to the hospital after suffering from a severe case of hyperventilation and heat exhaustion during a run of outdoor theater in over 90 degree weather, I realized how much theater drags from your body and demands from your lungs and concentration. It was a slap of reality for me because of how overwhelming and professional it all is. I wouldn't trade this feeling for any other thing in the whole world, but I often wonder if it's really worth it and if I should really be putting my body through such struggle. It's a question I have yet to answer honestly to myself. But so far, I haven't regretted too much, except for the hour or so we spend doing backbreaking warm-ups. Someone kill me for choosing theater, if the theater doesn't kill me first.

LEAH'S "TOO COOL FOR YOU" AWARDS — When our yearbook rolled off the presses this year, I was bummed to see that I didn't receive any awards...especially when I only missed the "Most Talented" spot by five votes. Since I didn't win any categories, I devised my own. I asked people who knew me to make up an award that I should receive just for being the almighty ice princess which I am, and here were the replies: Most Likely To Be Shot In The Back Of The Head, Cutest Underwear, Biggest Tease, Most Likely To Ask You For Money And Never Pay You Back, Most Likely To Tell You She Hates You, Least Likely To Succeed, Most Likely To Be Singing *Disney*, Award For The Most Times A Straight Person Can Be Called A Lesbian, Most Likely To Be Murdered, Most Likely To Have An Anti-Leah Fan Club Of Her Own, Most Likely To Be Not Wearing Any Underwear, Least Likely To Be Able To Read Sheet Music (But Fakes It Really Well), Most Likely To Make Shit Up, Cutest Smile, Most Likely To Swat You In The Butt, Most Likely To Make You Laugh, Most Likely To Be Telling Jokes That Are Ripping On You Without You Even Knowing It, Ice Princess Award, Most Likely To Nail Your Ass For Penetrating Her Bubble, Biggest Bitch, Most Likely To Stab Herself With Her Spiked Bracelet Instead Of You, Most Sarcastic Looks Given Per Person Per Second, Most Likely To Itch Her Crotch In The Middle Of A Conversation, Most Likely To Identify Objects In Ink Spots.

DIAL M FOR MORON— Apparently, I have a phone number that is close to the phone number of a nearby video store because people always call me asking if I have so and so video in stock. I used to just say, "I'm sorry, you have the wrong number," and hang up. But lately I've been getting a kick out of it. I tell them that we have three copies of some obscure video they're asking for in stock, and we'll pull a copy for them. When they say they'll be right over, I say, "Thanks for calling, glad we could be of service." Then I hang up the phone and chuckle with delight at the thought of the stupid morons going up to the video store counter and saying, "My name is Joe Mama, and you are holding a copy of *Ancient Wonders of the Sea Starring Burt Reynolds* for me." I can just see their faces...

IS IT OKAY IF I USE YOUR ASHTRAY FOR A STREET? — I think just about the sickest habit is people throwing their cigarette butts on the ground. It's such a disgusting habit, and it pisses me off so much when you see an ash can or a garbage can and all around it on the ground are cigarette butts from people who were just too damn lazy to make the extra step to put the butts in the trash, so they just kind of throw them at it. Of course, the butts never make it in, and no one ever picks them up. There's no excuse for just being so lazy, gross, and dirty that you can't get off your ass and take care of your trash!

BUSINESS AS USUAL – We are beginning a new club for girls called *The Ladies Terrorist Society* which is just a really cool club for girl-powered activities. We are beginning a new booklet about girl projects which you will receive every month, along with some sort of girly goody or activity. The cost of the club is $20, and the introductory package includes a LTS t-shirt, membership card, button, pencil, sheet of stickers, and lots of girly gags and toys. It's fun, and it's a great way to get connected. *** We have just completed our new poetry book entitled *The Literature Collection*. It's very thick and contains some of the best poems ever written by some of the world's greatest unknown and unrecognized authors. We are asking that anyone who has a local library just down the street or a high school or college library nearby, please ask them to carry *The Literature Collection*. We will be willing to send you a free copy of the book to give to the library if they accept, and then we will be in debt to you always. *** If anyone would like to get their zeen printed on glorious newsprint like mine, then please get in touch with me, and I will have a sample package and price guide sent to your house by my publisher. It really is the cheapest and most efficient way to go; all the zeens are delivered at your doorstep in one bulk (no running back and forth to the copy place), all stapled and looking great at a price that's simply marvelous. Please ask me for details...if you say you got your name from me, then you get a $50 discount on your first print-run (and so do I).

*** Anytime we send you stamped packages, they are always glued, please feel free to use these stamps so they don't go to waste or send them back to me if you don't wish to use them. *** I am working on a new screenplay/theater script that I am very excited about called *Anna's War* which is a drama that takes place in France during World War II about some people who form the French Resistance and fight for freedom from the Germans. It's a very emotional play, and everyone should get a copy of it when it's done because it is very powerful stuff.

I CAN CARRY THE AMP WITHOUT HAVING A PENIS — Being a girl does not hinder your ability to play an instrument, be in a band, or carry equipment -- contrary to popular guy belief. A girl can be carrying in amps and guitars, and, just because she is a girl, she is always the one who gets stopped at the door and asked if she is in the band...she is always the one who gets told she can't carry the heavy stuff. Hey, when we chicks are in the band, we want our share of the load, and we don't want to be treated any differently than the guys out there. It's a woman's world, too.

HOW TO MAKE MY DAY — My friend found a thing on the Internet when he was surfing, and it was the cutest little blurb about some girls at a punk show. It read: "I also spent some time paying attention to two particular girls who seemed worthy of such attention. One was tallish and had short black hair, and the other one was short and blonde. They were both dressed admirably and very cute as well. The short blonde one was taking pictures of random things with a camera she had, which also impressed me. They impressed Ryan and Nicole, too. I talked to the short blonde one very briefly. So did Ryan, but I embarrassed myself less." — I smiled when I read this because the short blonde girl he's talking about is me, and the tall girl is my best friend Beth. How cute.

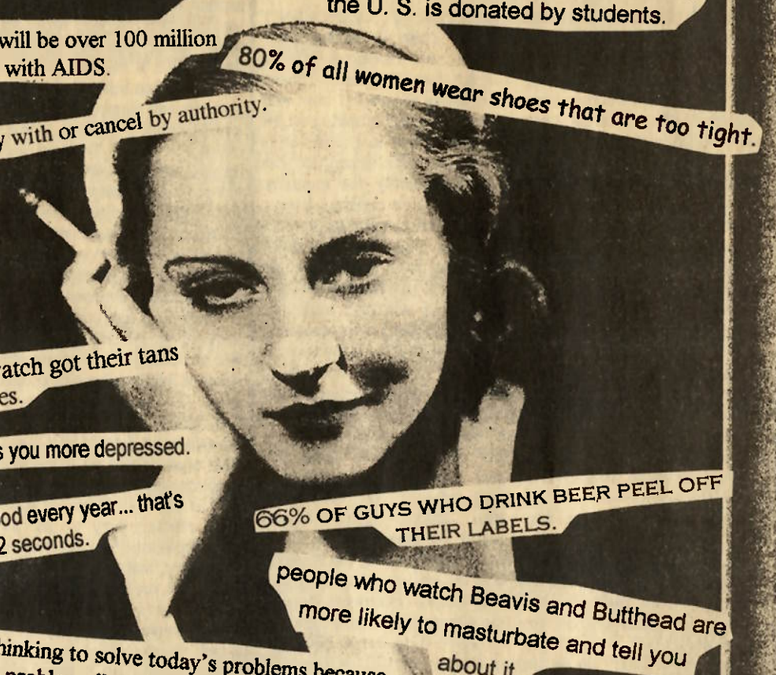
"the last people here that you contact are the police because they are usually involved in it." --doc radowski

approximately 20% of the blood used in the U. S. is donated by students.

by the year 2000, there will be over 100 million people infected with AIDS.

80% of all women wear shoes that are too tight.

abrogate-to do away with or cancel by authority.



all of the stars of Baywatch got their tans from bottles.

yellow wallpaper makes you more depressed.

4 million people need blood every year... that's one patient every 12 seconds.

66% OF GUYS WHO DRINK BEER PEEL OFF THEIR LABELS.

people who watch Beavis and Butthead are more likely to masturbate and tell you about it.

"you cannot use present thinking to solve today's problems because that thinking caused those problems." --albert einstein

NO.

"may we never be called to handle all the weapons of war we despise."

--paul mccartney

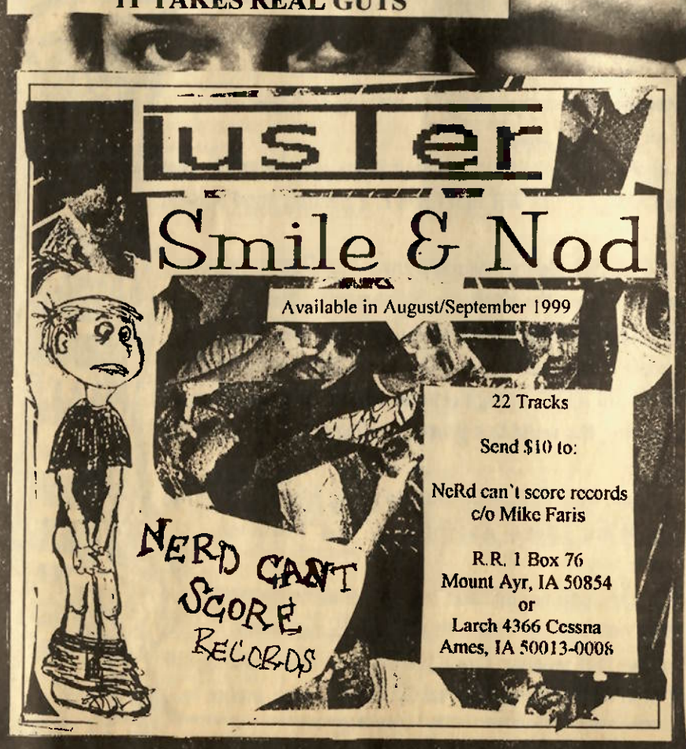
of motion pictures

REVOLUTION NOW?

YES YOU BET!

And the place to start is with your local government in the ZONING Department. Zoning enforcers are often zealots and ghouls who take pleasure in pushing people around. They often use unconstitutional methods such as trespass, no Due Process, inverse condemnation without payment, and so on. Check out your local scene. If your enforcers fit this picture then contact us. Citizens Against Repressive Zoning, POB 536, Haslett MICHIGAN 48840-0536 for information.

FIGHT FOR YOUR FREEDOM
IT TAKES REAL GUTS



A Day In The Life Of Your Mail
By Leah Angstman

I have always been amazed at the way the United States Postal Service works. As much as everyone bad mouths it and complains of how slow, how costly, and how disorganized it is, I really think it's great. You can send a letter to someone in another country, and it only takes about five days to get there, whereas if you send it from another country to the US, it can take anywhere from 10 to 25 days to get here. The US has the fastest, cheapest, and safest postal system in the world. Recently, I did a little fact finding to see just exactly what happens to your mail, how much there really is, and how it gets to where it's going.

If you have a letter to send, you can: leave it in your mailbox for your local mail carrier to pick up, drop it off at a collection box, or take it to the post office. In the US, there are over 312,000 mail collection boxes, 38,000 post offices, and 130 million delivery points. Postal service workers also collect mail from thousands of businesses, schools, and other institutions around the country. There are over 107 billion pieces of First Class mail each year.

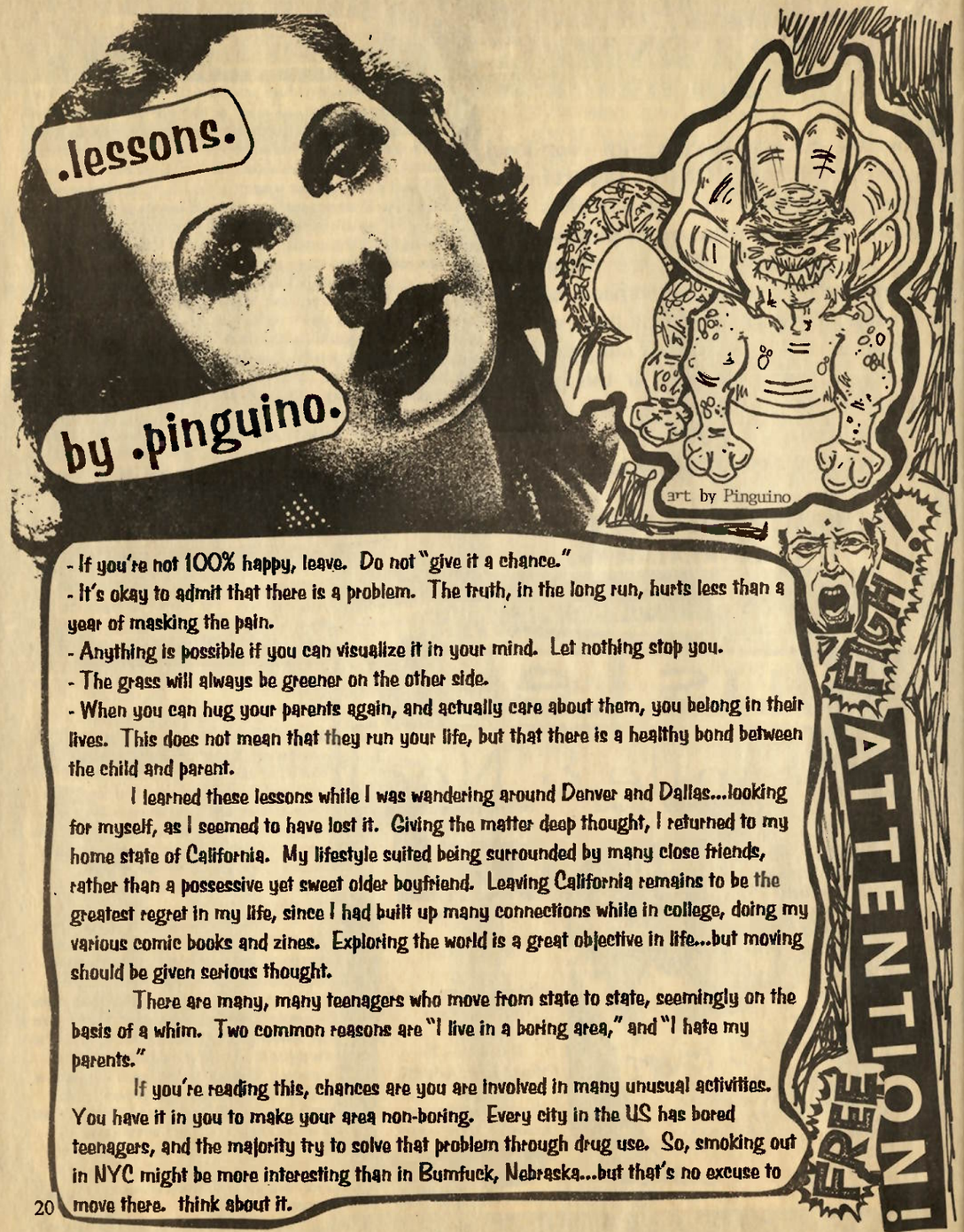
Once the mail gets to the post office, it is sorted according to size, canceled (stamps), given a bar code by an optical scanner, and put in the correct tray for its intended destination. There are 331 processing plants to sort and ship the mail, 75,184 pieces of mail-processing equipment, and over 38 million "change of addresses" per year.

The mail is taken to the airport where it is sent out on one of the 15,000 commercial airline flights that carry mail over long distances. For shorter distances the mail goes by truck. There are 2.7 billion pounds of mail carried on flights, 1.1 billion miles driven annually to move the mail, and 192,904 vehicles to pick up, transport, and deliver the mail.

When your mail arrives at its destination city, it is taken to a central distribution plant where it is directed to the post office closest to its delivery address. The local mail carrier sorts your mail for delivery. Seven million postal customers a day transact business at the post office, and 234,033 mail carriers deliver the mail in cities across the country. There are 130 million delivery addresses every day, and 18 million p.o. boxes.

With the exception of Express mail, which delivers seven days a week including Christmas Day, mail is delivered six days a week, rain or shine, wherever you live, from Key West, Florida, to Fairbanks, Alaska; from Honolulu, Hawaii, to Bar Harbor, Maine; from the bottom of the Grand Canyon (by mule) to the top of the Empire State Building (by elevator). There is an average of 24 pieces of mail for every household every week. Every week sees 3.4 billion pieces of mail delivered and 765,174 career employees working to deliver it. The USPS handles 41 percent of the world's mail volume, 630 million pieces every day; the next largest is Japan at six percent.

Pretty impressive, huh.



- If you're not 100% happy, leave. Do not "give it a chance."
- It's okay to admit that there is a problem. The truth, in the long run, hurts less than a year of masking the pain.
- Anything is possible if you can visualize it in your mind. Let nothing stop you.
- The grass will always be greener on the other side.
- When you can hug your parents again, and actually care about them, you belong in their lives. This does not mean that they run your life, but that there is a healthy bond between the child and parent.

I learned these lessons while I was wandering around Denver and Dallas...looking for myself, as I seemed to have lost it. Giving the matter deep thought, I returned to my home state of California. My lifestyle suited being surrounded by many close friends, rather than a possessive yet sweet older boyfriend. Leaving California remains to be the greatest regret in my life, since I had built up many connections while in college, doing my various comic books and zines. Exploring the world is a great objective in life...but moving should be given serious thought.

There are many, many teenagers who move from state to state, seemingly on the basis of a whim. Two common reasons are "I live in a boring area," and "I hate my parents."

If you're reading this, chances are you are involved in many unusual activities. You have it in you to make your area non-boring. Every city in the US has bored teenagers, and the majority try to solve that problem through drug use. So, smoking out in NYC might be more interesting than in Bumfuck, Nebraska...but that's no excuse to move there. think about it.

How Mu . Do You *Really* Know About Sex?

Take our little true or false quiz to see if you really know the facts about sex. Send in your answers and win cool prizes for those correct. This may be a game, but just remember that sex isn't.

True or False?

1. The average age at which American adolescents first have sexual intercourse is 14.
2. Petroleum jelly, baby oil, and hand lotion are okay lubricants for a condom or diaphragm.
3. Sexual orientation (whether homosexual or heterosexual) determines a person's risk for infection with AIDS.
4. A woman can become pregnant during her menstrual period.
5. Impotence, or chronic difficulty sustaining an erection, is always psychological in origin.
6. All women have a "G" spot, an area of heightened sensitivity in the front wall of the vagina.
7. Douching after intercourse, or at any time, is unnecessary and can be harmful.
8. Any contraceptive offers some protection against STD's.
9. Sexual desire and sexual activity often extend well into old age.
10. Failure to achieve orgasm is not necessarily a sign of dysfunction.
11. Most STD's can be cured.
12. Young women, and postmenstrual women who are not sexually active, do not need regular gynecological exams.
13. Testicular cancer is most common between the ages of 20 and 34.
14. Erection while sleeping is caused from erotic dreams.
15. Of every 10 married men, on average, 8 have been sexually faithful to their wives.
16. Heterosexual men may have sexual relations with other men without considering themselves to be homosexual.
17. Penis size is important for sexual performance.
18. An American teen becomes pregnant every 30 seconds.
19. 20% of teen pregnancies are unintentional.
20. Every year, four in seven American teenagers get an STD.
21. Water-based lubricants corrode latex rapidly.
22. Sperm can remain alive in the Fallopian tube for 10 days.
23. Women lose interest in sex after menopause.
23. Masturbation can be dangerous to your health.
24. Male fetal exposure to diethylstilbestrol, a synthetic estrogen, may decrease the risk of testicular cancer when the male grows.
25. The surgical removal of a testicle results in infertility and/or impotence.
26. One in 10 American women have had sex to orgasm with another woman.

The Pointless Fad Of Computers

By Shannon Colebank

There are six billion people on earth but only one billion phones. Anyone who thinks computers even exist is an idiot. If pathetic wankers have nothing better to base their self-images on than the pointless fad of the Internet, they need to grow up and get a life. Not only are they horribly out of touch with reality (by thinking "virtual reality" even exists), but they are dreadfully out of touch with the 82% of humanity who do not even have phones! They are also brainwashed, capitalist, materialistic, and classist if they think being on the net somehow makes them cool. It is so condescending for them to think they are "special" for using a computer. They are not somehow better or more intelligent than normal people who write intimate letters the good old fashioned way. They are mindless sheep who blindly swallow the high-pressure bullshit advertising that told them spending thousands of dollars on worthless crap will make them "better."

People who believe they are "oh-so-sophisticated" for having a computer are classist fools over- compensating for their inferiority complexes by spending thousands on what the television told them to.

I am writing this on a $300 word processor I bought five years ago. It is very convenient, but I have no plans whatsoever to spend my money on worthless crap/pointless fads like a computer or the Internet.

Remember in the late 70's when the CB radio became the new pointless fad? Every idiot in the country went out and bought one so he or she could jump on the bandwagon of mindless consumerism. The CB lingo became "cool" to use in conversation (by morons who had nothing else to base their self-images on). And where are they now? Gone. Over. Finished.

The computer is next.

What is the difference between E-mail and E-junk-mail? NOTHING. And the fact Internet users usually use alias names makes their "communication" less or believable.

Mindless morons who yammer on endlessly need to just shut up. When those same morons get computers, they are still morons, they just have a new manufactured (false) self-image to yammer on about.

The net is overwhelmingly middle class, white males who never learned how to use the public library. Who cares if you can get information faster on the net? The library has the same information and it is free! But you cannot tell yourself how "cool" you are while sitting in a library.

I do recognize the convenience of being able to daily update listings on a web page, but these are still only available to 5% of the people on earth (rich white males), so why bother?

I do not own a computer and do not plan on ever owning one. Computers are a fad, just like CB radios and electric drums.

Remember the electric drum fad of the 80's? I have a set of electric drums, and I like them a lot. Twenty years from now some people might still have computers. I do not have a problem with that. If you like computers, go get one! But do not think they are better than writing letters (in your real name with a return address) or actually talking to people face to face.

English class was one of the ones I hated the most in school because we spent too much time dissecting sentences, but we were never taught how to communicate. The average school kid does not know how to conduct an intelligent conversation, but now they have all the latest technology so they can fail to communicate in a new and improved way. Who cares?!

Bill Gates is worth 16 billion dollars because mindless consumers keep throwing their money at him.

Get a life.

DON'T HATE US BECAUSE WE'RE BEAUTIFUL

i see your beauty, as i stare like water
dripping down the drain
you speak of love once, words so foreign,
never heard of again.
and i dreamed of your fingers
making lazy circles on my cheek
and i watched your eyes close
as gentle rhythms lulled us to sleep.

your rhymes so careless, like falling raindrops
little knives upon our tongues
your stature fearless, toying at the heart

you never thought you had won
and here i am held out to you
giving anything to stab you blind
so i am the last image
of beauty you have in your mind.

you took your coat off, standing in the snow
while the wind blows your hair
i could feel your goosebumps, though i didn't know
the warmness i had left you there
your guitar spelled out your innocence
i longed to tell you all i know
i felt your soul cast out its heat
and for that moment i loved you so.

i wished i could kill you, savoring the sight
and lie to the moon up above
i'd tell him you're thoughtless, but lie as i screamed
that i was the last one you ever loved.
you are always the mysterious one
that i have yet to figure out
you leave so much to misery
but oh so little to fuel my doubts.

i see your beauty, as i stare like water
dripping down the drain.

for lukas.

leah.

Pottsie Nation Enterprises is looking for zines, music, and anything else you can think of to distro. So send in a sample, along with rates to: Pottsie Nation Distro/ 15501 sw 42 ave/ Ellendale, MN 56026 USA

Name That Song

If you correctly name the title and singer of the songs these lines came from, you can win tons of cool prizes! Win a prize for each answer you get right. 10 chances to win! Even if you don't know them all, send in what you know. Give it a try!

1. "Don't forget to give me back my black t-shirt"
2. "Mr. Always-On-The-Go, we know you got the answers"
3. "I don't need no accuser to slag me down because I know I'm right"
4. "I am the one you know can't look you in the eye"
5. "If I could tell you just one thing it would be that we're all okay"
6. "Imagine no possessions, I wonder if you can"
7. "May we never be called to handle all the weapons of war we despise"
8. "If you'd only let yourself believe that we are born innocent"
9. "At night we ride through mansions of glory in suicide machines"
10. "Don't criticize what you can't understand"

The deal: We don't have a lot right now because I just cleaned house and got rid of all the stuff I didn't need, but I will have more for you next issue. I am putting a dollar amount with the items, that way anyone can get them, but what I'd like more than anything is to trade. We will buy stuff if you don't want to trade, or you can always write to us and ask us about all the new stuff we have to trade. We have great stuff, and I'm sure you have great stuff, so hit us with your best shot.

What we have: An awesome new snap-button blue vinyl purse. Very retro, very girl, very shiny, very vinyl. $7.00

A huge rainbow spiral candle with every color imaginable that burns in a spiral. Very classy, very cool. $2.00

What we want: *Bobby Darin paraphernalia. We especially want the earlier stuff, but we will take anything you can find.

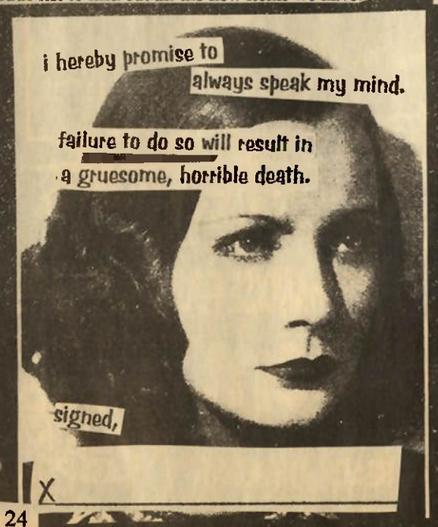
*Spiderman anything. Especially Spiderman figures and toys.

*50's style things. I want this more than anything. Especially clothing or knickknacks. Looking extra hard for a pair of women's size 5 saddle shoes if you can find any

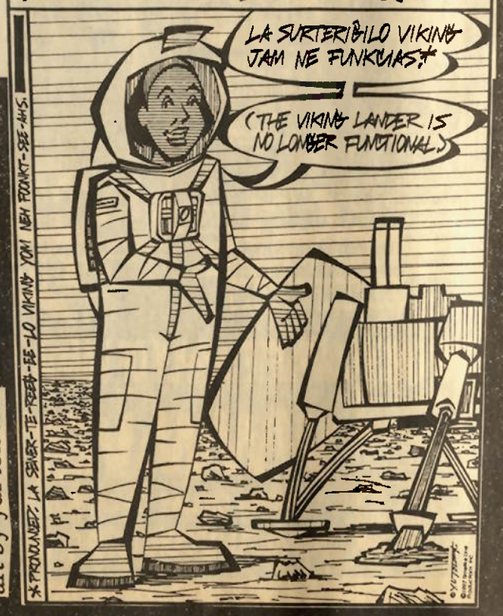
*Anything; pictures, books, posters, etc. on the following people I have a hard-on for: Craig Kilborn, Ewan McGregor, Jean Moulin, Jewel, and Audrey Hepburn.

**Casablanca* paraphernalia, especially a movie poster of some sort.

That's all we have right now, but we will have tons more for you in our next issue, or you can write us for a copy of our trade list to find out all the new items we have.



ESPERANTO WITH AUTONOMY HUDSON


LA SURTERIBILO VIKING JAM NE FUNKCIAS.*
(THE VIKING LANDER IS NO LONGER FUNCTIONAL.)
*PRONUNCI: LA SUHR-TE-REEB-EE-LO VIKING YOM NEH FOONK-SEE-AHS.

art by yul tolbert.

GOD'S GIFT TO THE COMMUNITY

by Jack Down

Once upon a time there was a high school senior who was pleased with himself. He got good grades, won in debates, played baseball, and looked forward to college.

In college he started with social work but found that too personal. Then he considered teaching but discovered he didn't like kids all that much. The police academy rejected him over physical problems so he finally took a liberal arts cirriculum. He also worked at house building during the summer to make money.

He graduated and looked for work. His first several jobs did not satisfy him although he could not decide exactly what he was looking for. He went to work for the city but quickly detected he was impatient with the citizens who came before him with various questions and complaints.

Then one day he decided to build a small porch on his home and went to the building department for a permit. The inspector told him many details as to how he was to build this small addition, but he understood perfectly that these details only insured the job would be done correctly, and doing things correctly was very important. He also found a kindred soul in the inspector, and they began to buddy around together.

"Look at that place," his friend said, pointing to a small home. "It's a mess. His grass is too tall, and he hasn't painted the place for years. And look at that roof. It has moss on it. I should give him an inspection. Come on with me and see how I do it."

They knocked on the door. An old man opened it and asked, "Yes?"

"I need to inspect your house."

"My wife is sick, and I really don't have time now, and what is it about anyway?"

"It is about how messy you keep your place and the fact that you are required to keep your house painted, plus the moss on your roof, and that awful long grass which harbors rats. You have ten days to get this all done, or I will have to cite you."

"Ten days...my wife is sick. I told you that, and I don't have any money to take care of such things, and it is cold weather right now, and no one can paint a house in cold weather with waterbased paint..."

Interrupting, "That is not my worry. Get it done, or I will cite you, and then I will go to the magistrate and get a court order, and the city will do it and add it to your taxes. Ten days, mister," and they walked off.

"Gads, you told him! That was great. What's that old guy think he is anyway? God? Leaving his place looking like that. I'd like your job."

"You would? We've got a vacancy right now. Why not apply?" And thus it was that he got a new job in the Building Code and Enforcement Division of the Community Improvement Department and he, himself, was able to return to that man's home and really give him problems until the house was brought up to code and that awful grass was cut.

He felt like a saint telling him he could wait until warmer weather to paint the place. It made his heart feel good to see the way the old man got a contractor to put a new roof on the house, and it was especially fun to order that contractor to remove all the old shingles before starting a new roof. Of course, the contractor loved him for that, as it added $1,500 to the total cost. He refused to listen to the old man when he tried to tell him that his sick wife had taken all their savings. Later, when he learned that the family had taken out a mortgage to pay for the roof, he said simply to himself, "That's the way the cookie crumbles. We all are obligated to keep our community neat and pretty. If I don't force these things, MY OWN HOME will be worth less. I am doing it for the good of everyone. Yes, I am!"

Quite soon he discovered that while most people jumped around when he told them to, there were a certain percentage of the citizens who resented his intrusion onto their property. One guy even threatened him with a criminal charge of trespass if he came on his land. *Now there*, he thought, *was a person who really needs to be shown the power of the city... My own power, too*, he added as he rubbed his hands.

It was easy to convince the neighbor to allow him to lean over the back fence so he could take photos of the man's back yard without the chance of a charge of trespass. And what did he discover then? For heaven's sake, this guy had two old cars there, an old Ford Model A and a 1955 Chevrolet. Junk, my goodness, that is illegal, and he took the photos to his boss. They wrote out a paper for the magistrate who then issued a court paper allowing the code enforcer to enter the property to inspect everything.

Now that was fun. The hotwater heater was rusty. Replace it. The furnace also was rusty. Get it attended to by a repairman. And that plumbing drain, look, it is eight feet three inches from that sink drain. THE CODE says it cannot be more than eight feet. Get a plumber and replace everything and add a new stack. "It has been working for 20 years, you say? It isn't up to code. Replace it."

"These steps are not up to code. The risers cannot be more than eight inches high and yours are eight and one-quarter inches. You need a new stairway." He laughed to himself saying, *and you thought*

all I would go after you for was two old cars? I'll fix you.

In a half hour he racked up over ten thousand dollars worth of repairs to the house plus the removal of the two vehicles. The man's argument that these cars were parts cars for his two collector cars made no dent at all, in fact he asked to see the two collector cars, pretending he loved antique vehicles, whereupon he discovered this man was about ready to spray paint one, strictly against the code which allowed no work on any car even within a garage, plus absolutely no spray painting.

"Get rid of them all. They are not licensed so they are junk!" and he stomped off to go after another man.

Next he drove to the edge of town. There he confirmed that a family was living in a run-down house and had an empty house trailer behind, in the back yard. He wrote up a cite giving them ten days to get rid of the trailer. "I have no money," the mother cried as her four kids stood behind her listening. "I can't afford to do that."

"It is for the good of the people, and you will do it or we will do it and add the charges to your taxes." Their dumbfounded looks meant nothing to him. He was becoming quite good, by this time, at destroying individuals while he saved the community -- and sleeping well at night, too.

And, the fact that the oldest child, a young lady with psychological problems, called 911 a couple of days later and told them she could not take any more of this abuse against her hardworking mother, as she lit the kerosene she had poured over the insides of her home; all this, even when she died a week later, made no impression on the enforcer. After all, he was saving the community from those who didn't care. He was a true knight in glittering, shining armor. He liked himself greatly.

Incidentally, everything noted herein is true, although not all with the same enforcer.

"it's las vegas. we're excited."

art by pinguino.

SCENESTAR

I am adopting with this issue a new award that I will give to one zine which I feel has touched something. Emotions are hard to reach in their little lock-boxes when the rest of the world has become so harsh and desensitized to the joys and pains of everyday life. I'd like to make this award the standard award in the underground world of great creative zine-making (and yes, the recipient does receive a prize award). In each issue I will choose one zine above all the others that has made me feel something, realize something new, or feel like a new or better person after reading it. I am pleased to announce the very first recipient of the Scenestar Award:

Nate / Catharsis Zine /

642 Bending Bough Dr /

Webster NY 14580-8913

The best thing I can say for this zine is go get a copy, just go get a copy. You'll fall in love with Nate's realism and hardcore understanding of life. This zine is a guide through the darkness to the soul you've been hiding.

Upcoming Project:

I Love Myself Because...

This is going to be a compilation zeen about why you think you are unique. In an age when bringing guns to school is no longer feared, but suddenly expected, we want to tell the world our good sides...Write out or type the things that make you unique, crazy things you've done in your life, things that make you happy, reasons why you are beautiful, or anything that you would like to share with others that makes you who you are. Please send in all info by ~~December 1, 1999~~ 7-15-00

leah.

Nothing Will Happen To You

By Catherine Bancroft

Parents, teachers, and authority figures keep warning young people all the time that if they do this or do that, then something... something bad... *something terrible!* will happen to them. So, of course, these warnings get laughed off... *They're just trying to scare me! They're just trying to control me! They're just on my case all the time because they need to get a life!*

Well... Okay. Here is the real Truth, as I have found it for myself. If you do bad things, it is possible that something bad, or something terrible may, in fact, happen to you. If you do dope, you may become an addict. If you have sex, you may get pregnant or you may get AIDS. If you drink, you may have a car accident, and you may, in fact, die. If you party all the time and don't study, you may flunk out of college and be a loser for the rest of your life...

I know all of the above to be fact. None of the above happened to me; I do, however, have several friends, relatives, and acquaintances which much of the above did happen to. *All around me, many young people's lives either tragically ended, or took a serious ugly detour...*

But! *And this is a big But...* there is also the really awful possibility that *Nothing Will Happen To You!* Why is this awful? Well... *it is awful.* And now I will tell you why...

There are several people in my acquaintance who did many bad, crazy, outrageous, and completely stupid things throughout their youths, and Nothing Happened To Them. They are now in their 40's and 50's. And, still, Nothing Is Happening To Them... This in itself is tragic. Why? I shall soon explain.

Yes, there are many people in this world who, as teenagers, used drugs, slept around, drank a lot, smoked pot, (name your favorite vice in this space here), and still... *Nothing Is Happening To Them!*

Should they be glad? *I don't think so...*

Here is an example. I am acquainted with a woman in her late 40's who, while in high school, did dope, slept around, partied, spent all of her time at *fun, fun, fun...*

So, how is she now?

Suicidal. Yeah. That's right. *Suicidal.* I talked her out of suicide twice before I realized she did not have the guts to actually go through with it...

Why is she like this? Nothing happened in her life, ever. Nothing good, nothing useful, *nothing permanent.* She has married and divorced several times. She now drifts wildly from relationship to relationship, now she no longer even bothers with the wedding. She had herself sterilized early in her life so she could enjoy herself without worry. She is alone without even pets, saying children and pets are too much trouble, yet she is constantly crying after men, wanting for this rare, unusual thing called "love." She drifts from man to man, from career to career. Her friends are never permanent for her, either; she grows tired of them and drops them, only leaning on them when she needs a good cry. She tries to make herself look nice, even though she does not realize she is trapped in a time warp. Her hair is bleached whiter than Marilyn Monroe's, her eye shadow is blue frost, her cheeks are bright orange with thick rouge. Her bad make-up job is the only permanent thing about her... Nothing happens in her life... nothing permanent. There is no stability for her, her life is a series of emotional traumas and badly performed soap operas... She spent her youth pursuing men and fun times, and she still pursues men and fun times. What does she have from it all? *Absolutely Nothing!*

Or how about the older man in his 60's, who spent the 60's -- *that's right, the 60's, man!* -- partying, chasing multiple women, drinking, doing dope, and chasing more women... He barely got through college. Nothing happened to him, either. Does he care? No. Is he suicidal? No. So what's the problem? After all the fun he had in life, he's had two really rotten divorces -- but that's pretty common, so that's Nothing. What's really bad is the damage done to his body which he must now live with. After a constant cigarette habit, he can hardly breathe. But that's also common, so... that's Nothing. He was never ambitious so he never held onto jobs very well. He cannot afford to retire. But lots of people lose jobs, so that's Nothing either... Where's the real tragedy? The sad thing is that with a little self discipline, a little ambition, he *could have been* really successful, someone everyone could now look up to and admire. He *could have* retired comfortably and looked back at a successful professional and family life, and he could have had good health in his old age. But now, he struggles financially, and he can never afford to retire, even though every moment *he struggles to just breathe...*

Then there is the one who is in her 30's now. Nothing happened to her, either. She drank a lot, did drugs, slept with everything that walked by... Legend has it that most of her fun times were had in parking lots, in the back of cars, behind the shed in the school yard... But that was then. Did anything happen to her? No. *Nothing Happened To Her!* Nothing good, that is... She never got to college, never got married (not sure how many kids she has, though...), never got a really great job... She was last seen wandering the streets at night drunk, loudly declaring that she just picked up some strange guy and screwed him good... But... *That's Nothing.* So it makes her *Nothing...*

Okay. So what is the point of all this? *Here's where it all is.* Do *Something* with your lives! Please. Don't end up with Nothing, don't end up doing Nothing! Do *Something* with yourselves and your lives.

Studying and doing homework is a real pain in the ass. But it will pay off in the long run. It will also pay off for you if you don't start smoking. Or if you do smoke, quit while you're young. It might be easier. Drink less and study more. Your friends might make fun of you if you don't sleep with that really cute guy, but it will also pay off for you in the long run if you don't get pregnant too soon, or worse, get health problems. Believe me, I know a lot of women in their 30's and 40's who have health problems that started way back when... Saying no to drugs sounds like a dumb slogan, right? Well, once again, Nothing Will Happen To You if you use drugs. You'll just get addicted. Or, even if you don't get addicted, dope slows your brain down and just kills the ambition in you. I know long-term dope users who are not "addicts," they are just "burnt out." So, if you want to "have fun," you might not get good grades in college, and you might not get that really great job, and you might not have a really successful life -- you'll just enjoy your drugs, sex, and alcohol, *but you'll end up with Nothing!*

So... I am writing this to reach out to everyone who reads this in hopes that Something Happens To You. Something Good. Good grades, good jobs, good successful careers, and good lives.

Ambition, hard work, and self discipline *will make things Happen To You!* Drugs, sex, partying till you drop, will not make anything Happen to you. Drugs, sex, wasting all your time having "fun"... *will just get you Nothing.*

So that's the Truth from a few years down the road. Everything you do now will affect your life in the future. You can have fun without all that junk. Think before you do anything, no matter how small. Don't let *Nothing* happen to you, do Something, and *be Somebody!*

Records & Stuff We Sell:

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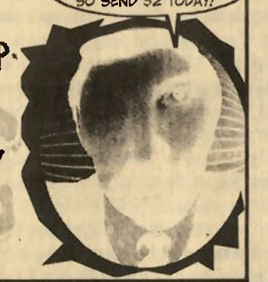

i am an actor.

by leah angstman.

Everyone's an actor. We act every day, whether we know it or not. But those who can call themselves true actors are those who realize that they are stepping inside another life, character, or emotion, and they are oddly enough finding such joy out of pretending. I am a severe pretender...not in life...but in the privacy of my own bedroom. When no one is looking, when no one is home, I put on the music of Stephen Sondheim, my musical idol, and I am his student. And oh, how I learn...I am born of this guy as I take on every character he can throw at me. In the coziness of my bedroom, the far wall with the open windows becomes my most receptive audience, my hard bed becomes my stage, and Winnie the Pooh becomes Coalhouse Walker, Jr., then the Phantom, then Juan Peron, then Frederick Barrett. I become every character from Evita to Roxy Hart to Miss Saigon. I have often wished that some kind of Broadway representative would come and stand at my doorway while I belt out my best Christine because damn, I'm good. I can't even describe the way my veins pump and my heart beats when I am standing before an audience, whether real or make-believe.

Now you know my second life...My real life. The way I truly am...Not the spiked bracelet girl, but the Liza Minelli girl. The way I bust out into a choreographed dance on my way to answer the telephone, the way I always break into "Singin' In the Rain" and prance around like Gene Kelly when a Michigan rainstorm finds me standing in my driveway. A musical can capture my heart and soul faster than you can say supercalifragilisticexpialidocious. You want to be my best friend? Just tell me that you've got a spare copy of *Sunday In The Park With George*, and you'd be happy to give it to me. My world revolves around this stuff. I live and I breathe for drama. Show me the lights! There's no biz like show biz.

AN AD

Hello. I know it's fairly egotistical to buy an ad in a zine just to advertise yourself, but I don't care. My name is James or Squeaky and I have a very cute Kitten and my girlfriend draws adorable pictures of animals which I want to get a tatoo of but She won't let me. I just took a short road trip and it was fun. I've had sex in six states and two countries and it is very Male of me to keep track of such a thing. I'm starting a website soon so I'll advertise it http://www.misterridiculous.com

I named it that not remembering where the reference was from but then my girlfriend reminded me that it was/is her pet-name for my penis - so much for being a sensitive, enlightened, intellectual type. You can email me if you want James@unamerican.com

♡ James Squeaky

shout-outs.

mom, dad, and ethan.

my little wesley, darling adam, and cutie scott.

the cast of *the comedy of errors*, my darling

stephanie, mel, alissa, and especially dave, the "it" man.

beth, my "uptown girl" and all her arizona dorm sluts.

david steely, sunshine always.

the crew of *the lookout*; torey, jenelle, lindsey, tom, bonnie, derrick, bill, jennie, and especially lukas (with a k for kool)

for letting me be his bitch.

wanna get married tomorrow?

emil and ryan, my thursday night boys.

nick from detroit who came to see *comedy* and introduced himself briefly while i wiped up my drool.

andy breslin, jeff rassoul...all my lovin'.

shelley.

craig kilborn for keeping me warm at night.

grog for the lovely review.

kate for the glasses.

love always,
+leah+

quote credits.

sending envelope: *pray your gods*
toad the wet sprocket

cover: *where have all the flowers gone?*
peter, paul, and mary

...and miles to go before i sleep...
robert frost

i'm using your ashtray as a street
paul nama

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Andover MA 01810 - 4237

we are kids with voices.
we are boys and girls.
we have the right to love our bodies.
we are strong.
we are spreading a revolution to tell the world
that we know our enemies and can defend ourselves.
we are the kids of the future.
revolutionaries.
we cry.
we bleed.
we yell.
we are.
kid revolution is cool.
we're glad to be a part of it.
this is our world.
we are what we make of it.
and we can't fight alone.
we are one.
you are.
i am.
i am.